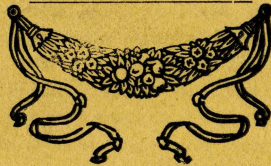


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The Pikeville Collegian.

PIKEVILLE..
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE...



Vol. 1.

April, 1906.

No. 6.

SCHOOL OF

Stenography and Typewriting

We wish to call the attention of young men and women to the advantages of stenography and typewriting as a stepping stone to positions of trust in business concerns, and to important position in the government employ. It is difficult to find a more advantageous position for a young man than that of secretary to some captain of industry or to some man who is prominent as a statesman, jurist or diplomat. A young man to secure such a position must be an expert stenographer.

The late Secretary Hay was private secretary to President Lincoln, and while a man of great natural ability, yet he owed his success as a diplomatist, in a large measure, to his close contact with Abraham Lincoln as his private secretary. Secretary Cortelyou, began his public career as private secretary to President McKinley. The editor of the Review of Reviews, speaking of Mr. Cartelyou in this connection, in the April number of 1901. says: "For the benefit of young men, by the way, it is worth while to note the fact that Mr. Cortelyou, who has also a liberal education, owes no small part of his advancement to the fact that he did not disdain to become an expert stenographer. Young men in this country ought to be made aware of the importance that is attached to this practical accomplishment in England, where not a few of the younger politicians and rising statesmen of note have begun their work as private secretaries."

It is said upon good authority that the government cannot find as many qualified young men as it needs for stenographers. Why not prepare yourself for such a position? The Pikeville Collegiate Institute offers special inducements and advantages for such a course of study. The winter session opens January 2, 1906. We now have students who are doing special work in English in preparation for the course in stenography.

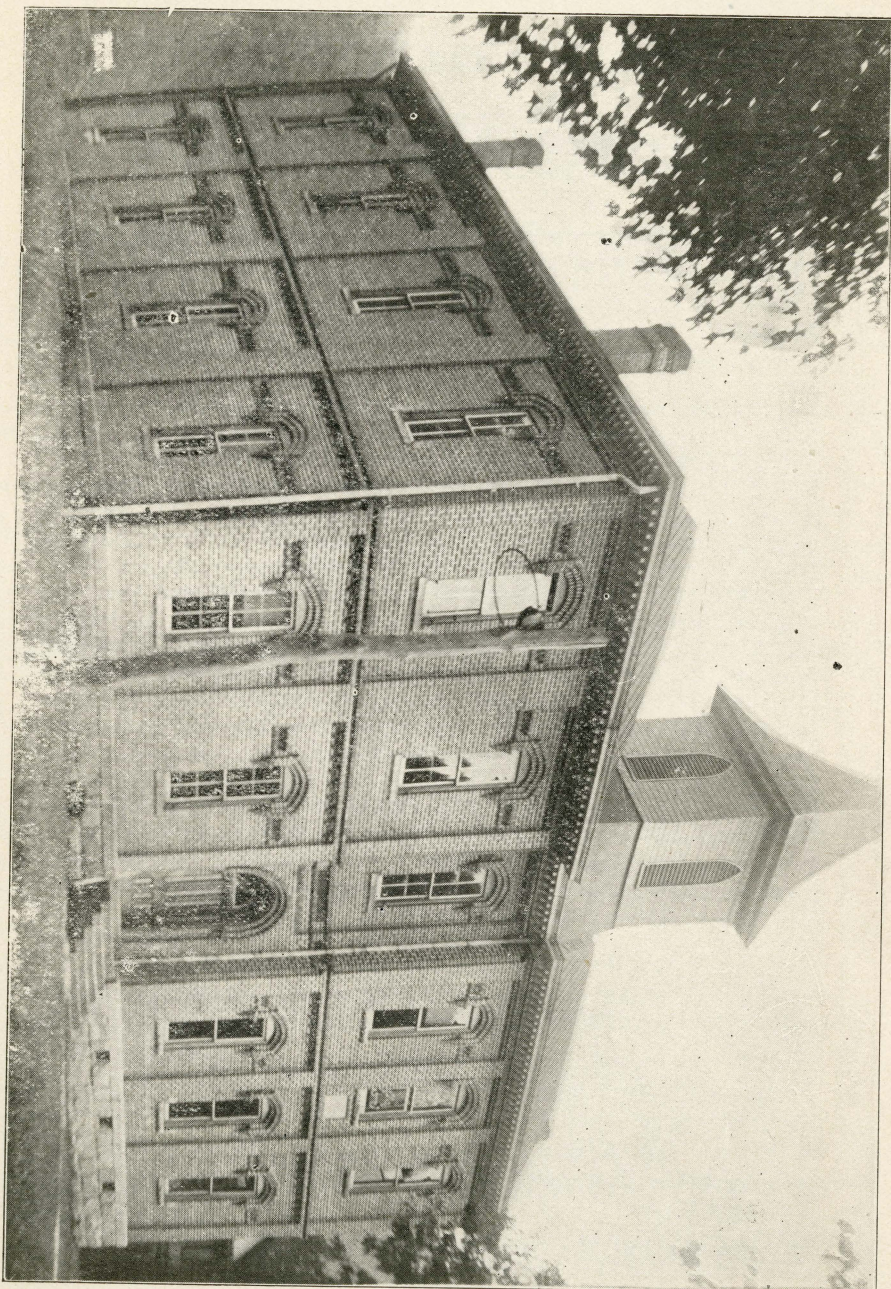
The rates of tuition are low and the class of instruction is high.

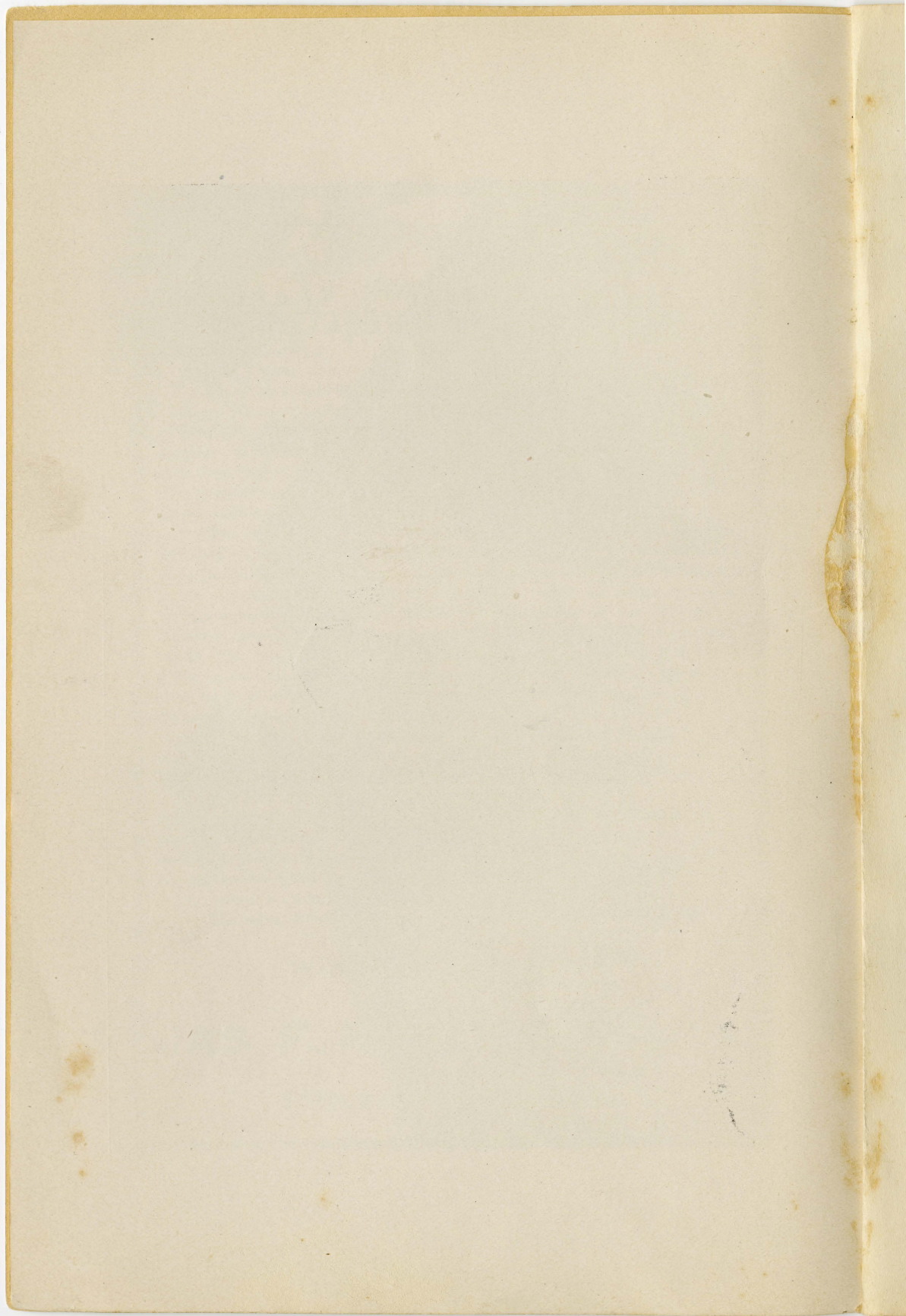
WRITE THE PRINCIPAL

JAS. F. RECORD, PH. D.

PIKEVILLE, KY.

PIKEVILLE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE





The Collegian

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The purpose is to promote the cause of Christian education.
Rates of advertising made known on application.

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No. 6.



REPRODUCTION WORK.



YUSSOUF.

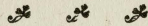
The joys of summer are free to every one and to the very poorest the beautiful days of June are given. These days of all the year are the most perfect. Then is the time in which all nature seems to believe. We can see and feel life in everything, even the clods seem to be doing their part in putting life into the grass and flowers that cover the hills and valleys. The cowslips and buttercups are making the meadows beautiful and each blade of grass and lowly leaf has become a hiding place for some small creature. A little bird perched on a leafy bough is singing a joyful song, while his mate, hovering over her eggs, sings softly to her nest. These birds bring to our minds the pictures of two men, each doing his work in the best way he can. One is a man who is doing much for the world in general while the other, known only to a few, is living and making people happy in his own unselfish way.

June is the happiest time of all the year. If life has been dull before it now becomes happier and more beautiful than ever. Even

as the creeks and bays are filled to overflowing by the great ocean, so are the rugged places in our lives filled with joy and gladness. We are perfectly happy now. The sadness of the past has been forgotten. We may sit in the shade with our eyes closed, but even then we can see and feel that the skies are clear and that grass is growing. The breezes seem to whisper in our ears that dandelions are blooming near. They are saying that the corn is growing, that the little streams are again running freely, that the river is bluer than the sky, and the robin is building his home near by. But even if the breezes did not whisper all these secrets to us, we would know then by the lowing of the cattle in the pastures, or the crowing of the bold chanticleer.

Joy and happiness fill our lives and the troubles and worries are hidden just as the ragged unsightly crater of volcano is hidden by its coverlet of snow. Now it is as easy for us to be true as it is for the skies to be blue. To strive for higher things is the natural thing for us to do. Everything inspires us and urges us on. There is no trace of a cloud in our lives. All is forgotten in the delight of the present. Our eyes have forgotten their tears and our hearts have forgotten to ache.

MARY TRIVETTE, '08.



Description of Pikeville.

Pikeville is in the Big Sandy Valley. It is a good business town, and has between seventeen and eighteen hundred inhabitants.

It has an ice plant, cold storage, brick plant, electric light plant, sewerage system, lumber mill and planing mill. It has twenty-six stores and two banks.

The Post Office is on second street. It is painted yellow and is one story high. The Pikeville National Bank is on the corner of main street and Grace Avenue. It is built of brick and stone, floored with tileing, and the wood work is mahogany. It is three stories high and roofed with tin. It is heated by a hot water furnace. It is one of the prettiest buildings in Pikeville. The First National Bank is on main street. It is two stories high. It is built of brick and is roofed with tin. It is floored with wood and the front is of glass.

There are three good hotels, two are on main street, and the other on second street. They are all first class hotels. There is being built a large hotel on the corner of Second and Ferrel streets. It

is three stories high, built of brick, roofed with gum, and is heated by a furnace. There is a bath room to every three rooms.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad runs through Pikeville. Two passenger trains and a local freight run daily except Sunday. The day passenger arrives here at eleven twenty-five, and leaves at twelve thirty. The night passenger arrives here at nine twenty-five, and leaves at five o'clock in the morning. The depot is about one hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. It is painted green, is one story high and roofed with tar paper.

There are two schools in Pikeville. The Pikeville Collegiate Institute is located on College street. It is built of brick, is two stories high, and is heated by a furnace. It has nine rooms and the Principal's office. It has a nice chapel and nice play ground. The Pikeville Collegiate Institute is having a ten thousand dollar brick dormitory built. The Public School is located on Fourth street. It is built of brick, and is two stories high. It has five rooms.

There are four churches in Pikeville. They are M. E. Church, South, M. E. Church, North, Christian Church and the Presbyterians worship in the College Chapel. The streets are not paved but have good sidewalks. Pikeville has a good water works system. The reservoir is on the hill across the river from the town. The water is used in nearly every house in town. Pikeville is in a good location and many houses are being built.

HAZEL ROBINSON, 1st. Prep.



YUSSOUF.

One night a stranger came to Yussouf's tent. He was an out cast and in sorrow, fleeing from the law for he had committed murder. He was hungry and wanted shelter. He said to Yussouf, "I come to thee for shelter and for food." Yussouf was a kind good man and he answered, "Come in and be at peace. You can partake of all my store." For Yussouf took of God's stores and never turned a stranger from his door uncared for.

Yussouf gave the stranger food and shelter and woke him before day so that he could flee away from his enemies. Yussouf said, "Here is gold and my swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight. Depart before the prying day grows bold." This stranger that Yussouf kept

all night, had killed Yussouf's only son. Yussouf treated him so kindly that the strangers' nature became enobled and he told Yussouf of his need saying, "All this kindness thou hast done unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son."

Then Yussouf told him to take thrice the gold. For his one black thought of vengeance against the man that slew his son was now gone. He had such a noble character that he would not harm the poor out cast. Instead of giving him more gold he could have ordered his servants to come and slay the poor stranger, but he had conquered himself, and this is the best victory to win. Yussouf never tried to revenge the death of his son any more, for his son was avenged with the best kind of vengeance when he treated the stranger so nobly. The stranger too was helped by Yussouf's kindness to acknowledge his crime.

Thus, "Nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

CARL BEVINS, 2 "Prep. Class.



A Baboon Hero

The German Naturalist, Brehm, tells this story of a venturer with baboons in Africa:

"Our dogs, accustomed to fight with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed toward the baboons, which from a distance, looked more like beast of prey than like monkeys, and drove them up the precipices to right and left. But only the females took to flight; the males turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide, showed their teeth so furiously that the dogs shrank back discomfited, and almost timidly sought safety beside us.

"Before we had succeeded in stirring them up to show fight, the position of the monkeys had changed considerably, and when the dogs charged the second time, nearly all the herd were in safety. "But one little monkey about half a year old had been left behind. It shrieked loudly as the dogs rushed toward it, but succeeded in gaining the top of a rock before they had arrived. Our dogs placed themselves cleverly so as to cut off its retreat, and we thought they would catch it.

"That was not to be. Proudly and with dignity, without hurrying in the least, or paying any heed to us, an old male stepped down from the security of the rocks toward the hard pressed little one, walked toward the dogs without betraying the slightest fear, held them in check with glances, gestures and sounds that seemed almost like speech, slowly climbed the rock, picked up the baby monkey, and retreated with it before we could reach the spot, and without the slightest attempt to prevent him on the part of the dogs.

"While the patriarch of the troop performed this brave and unselfish deed the other members densely crowded on the cliffs, uttered sounds that I never before heard from baboons. Old and young, male and female, roared, schreeched, snarled and bellowed altogether, so that one would have thought they were struggling with leopards or other dangerous beasts.

"I learned later that this was the monkey's battle-cry. It was intended to frighten us and the dogs, possibly also to encourage the brave old giant who was running into such evident danger before their eyes."



The Pikeville correspondent to the Ashland Daily Independent makes the following complimentary comment on the College after her visit a few days ago.

On invitation of Dr. J. F. Record the Principal, we visited the Collegiate Institute on Friday forenoon calling on our way for Dr. Sarah L. Huff, who also wished to pay it a visit. We called at the Principal's office, which is a very cozy apartment, and were accompanied by him to the Chapel at 10 o'clock and were seated where we might best obtain a view of the pupils as they filed in. At the tap of the bell the pupils came filing in, keeping step to the sweet strains of a march played by the organist, Miss Gertrude Mays.

First came the Primary pupils, in perfect order, who quietly dropped into their places, filling a tier of seats at a time. Next came the First Preparatory, in the same order, followed by the Second Preparatory who were followed by the Juniors and Seniors, and they by the Teachers' Class; and then the members of the Faculty.

The utmost quiet prevailed. When all were seated, the hymn, "Rescue the Perishing," was sung by all, the choir leading; and then

the reading of one of the beautiful Psalms by Dr. Record; another hymn, and prayer, all of which received the most profound attention of the school.

He then propounded some simple numerical queries to the smaller pupils, when many hands would go up, eager to answer. and, on designating the one by name whom he wished to reply, the ready response showed the strictest attention, as each little fellow appeared to hope that he would be the one called upon.

Then, as the sound of the march emanated from the organ, the little folks marched quietly out and had a recess. Dr. Record then read to the older pupils some instructive lessons, which he explained; also reading quotations, and designating some one whom he wished to repeat it, and there was not a single failure of anyone to do this, which showed marked attention on the part of the pupils. The bell was tapped which was to call the little ones in from play, and was the signal for the march from the Chapel, which was perfectly timed to the music; and then to work.

We were very much impressed by the perfect order that prevailed and the clock-like regularity of everything; also with the air of profound respect that is shown the Principal and teachers by the pupils.

The Collegiate Institute has made rapid strides as a strong institution of learning since Dr. Record assumed its presidency seven years ago. He is a strong, practical school man, a thorough scholar, and knew just what was lacking. This Faculty is a very strong one, all being teachers who have been thoroughly trained, and who are experienced. They are Rev. McClelland, Prof. P. D. Bevins, Miss Anna Stanley, Miss Lindsley, Miss Alice Johnston, Miss Elizabeth Mourning and Miss Robinson.

The management expect next year to enlarge the course of study, and make it more practical, and expect to give the Teachers' Class observation work; and a Music Department will also be a feature, with a teacher who will train all the classes in the rudiments of singing. An excavation is now being made for the foundation a large girls' dormitory on Huffman Heits, which is a beautiful site.

The Teachers' Class consists of an enrollment of fifty, and the entire enrollment of the College this year is much larger than ever before, almost every seat in the chapel being filled. We were much charmed with our visit there, and, consequently, pay this slight tribute to its merits.



COLLEGE NEWS.



Our good friend, Dr. Condit, of Ashland, made the College a visit a few weeks ago. He gave us one of his splendid addresses on character building.

Misses Gertrude Mays and Mamie Ratliff, of the Junior Class, entertained the Junior Reading Circle and a few other friends, at the home of Miss Mays one evening during the month.

The Teachers' Class and the Christian Endeavorers were delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McClelland at their home on Second Street, the first Friday evening of the month.

Dr. and Mrs. Record entertained the Teachers' Class and the Senior Class after Literary Society, Friday evening, March 23. All enjoyed the games, music and recitations. It was a happy company that left the dormitory about eleven o'clock.

Miss Sanders, of the Teachers' Class, was called home March 23, on account of the illness of her mother. She has not yet returned to her work.

Miss Chaney, of the Teachers' Class, spent Saturday and Sunday of last week at home.

Miss Zenna Justice, of the Second Preparatory Class, went home March 23rd, and has not returned on account of the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Flannery and Miss Huff visited the Chapel Tuesday morning March 20.

Dr. Crowe and Mr. Tyree visited Chapel Monday morning March 19.

Dr. Crowe gave an excellent address.

The special services that are being conducted in the Methodist Church, South by Dr. Crowe, of Pikeville Tennessee, are well attended and very successful. A very deep interest has been manifested by some of our students.

Dr. Record preached at Elk Horn City, March 25.

Miss Justice, of the Teachers' Class, went home, March 30, to spend Sunday.

Miss Prutzmann visited school and chapel one morning a few weeks ago.

A Literary Society composed of the members, of Teachers' Class, the Senior, Junior and Third Preparatory classes has been organized. The meetings are held in the Chapel on Friday evenings. A good degree of interest has been manifested.

Mr. G. S. Gross, of the Teachers' Class, was called away on business the first of the week. He has returned and is in school again.

Dr. Record accompanied by his little son, Paul, went to Williamson, W. Va. a few Saturdays ago. Dr. Record occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday.

The Literary Society adjourned Friday evening March 30th on account of the special services that are being held in the Methodist Church, South.

Mr. G. C. Francisco, of the Teachers' Class, was called home because of the death of his father.

Spring is opening up and several of the young men, of the teachers' class, who do not expect to take the examination this year, have had to quit school and go to work.

Our enrollment is still increasing. Miss Maynard has just entered and begins her work with the 1st. Prep. class for the remainder of the year.

Miss Thelma Cline, of the First Preparatory Class, gave a party at her home on Grace Avenue last Saturday evening. The occasion was her birthday. It was greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

Miss Amanda Stratton, one of our county teachers and a former student of the College, visited the College Tuesday, April 3d.



THE READING HABIT: Why We Should Read.



Given a taste for reading, we may create our own world. We have resources for happiness of endless variety—"a change of scene and fresh air in every book." The magic of the printed page conjures for us. We have only to choose our subject.

"I sit as in a theatre," writes the author of *Dreamthorpe*, "the stage is the time, the play is the history of the world."

"The war of Troy can at our bidding rage in the narrowest chamber," says Whipple. "Without stirring from our firesides we may roam the earth, all that man has thought, all that man has done, is ours to ponder and enjoy."

Books not only give us an ideal life but may elevate, ennoble, gladden and purify the actual life, that now is. Thoughts produce thoughts—"reading is only the fuel." Those books are most valuable that make us think most, and if we have made ourselves familiar with "the best that has been thought and said in the world" its unconscious assimilation will tincture our own thought and action. Books offer a refuge, too, from present and pressing annoyances. Hamilton Mabie says: "There is every kind of weather in books. I may open my *Theocritus*, and what to me are the fogs and mists of March on the Atlantic coast. I am in Sicily and the sky and sea meet in a line so blue that I know not whether it be water or atmosphere. . . . This is mine if I choose to stretch out my hand and open a little book. I need not spend a minute with this March day, if I choose to open any one of these countless doors to escape."

Living habitually in good literary company, we come into the aristocracy made by culture - the only true basis for class distinction. Though knowledge is not culture, culture is an unconscious result of knowledge and the outcome of a thousand subtle influences, chiefly to be derived from books, "forged at the heart and fashioned by the intellect of god-like men."

If culture does not determine our social position as much as do rank and wealth, it, at least, makes us independent of either for happiness. Channing says: "Books are the true levelers. They give to those who faithfully use them, the society of the best and greatest of

the race. No matter how poor I am, no matter if the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin enrich me with practical wisdom, I shall never pine for intellectual companionship and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place I live."

"Books make us the companion of the wisest and wittiest of men," says Emerson. "The men themselves were hid, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette, but the thought that they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age."

In reading, too, we may lay up stores of strong, brave, helpful thoughts, that shall give wings to our feet as we toil up life's steep incline, and enable us to lift our burdens with a song in our hearts instead of a sigh. Sir Arthur Heeps says of one whose reading has thus enriched him that "he has something in himself to meet troubles and difficulties who has stored in his mind some of the best things that have been said about troubles and difficulties."

But, "no profit goes, where is no pleasure taken," and perhaps it is an acquired taste to desire knowledge. As none can be unconscious of its benefits, however, one should seek to stimulate the mind to a 'divine hunger.' The more one knows, the more is the interest in life expanded and extended. It is measure for measure. The world grows greater, grander, broader, as our sympathies follow our apprehension of the needs and affairs of those who were remote from our ken before our books made us familiar with them. Our own small worries and narrow interests grow less important, seen in perspective, as we learn to feel interest in peoples and nations whom we have never seen nor shall see. The sense of Christian brotherhood is fostered and we become conscious of a greater dignity of living.

"To my son Hermann, and may the world never be too large for him," wrote a father on the fly-leaf of a *World's History* which he presented to his son.

We half know a great deal, perhaps, and the pity of it is—not that we know so much less than we might, but that our very characters suffer by our habits of inaccuracy. Thoroughness, conscientiousness, become imbedded in our natures when we perseveringly lay vigorous hold upon what we read and bend our best efforts to retain

it, when we pass over no word with no mere hap-hazard guess at its meaning, and honestly mean to make use of what we learn—for to use books rightly we must get help from them in some direction—go to them as our counsellors, eager for the treasures of wisdom and knowledge therein stored. Carelessness and superficiality are restrained by pains-taking efforts to understand and remember, and intercourse with noble minds must help to develop nobility in our own.

A clever writer likens those who read without effort to retain, to Baron Munchausen's famous horse. Stopping at a spring to water his panting steed, the Baron noticed that he drank with an eagerness not to be satisfied, when upon looking backward he found the beast cut in two, and the hindquarters clean gone while the water, running freely out, refreshed the animal not at all. The mental digestive organs which do not appropriate the nutrition and refreshment, are in like cases and mental starvation must ensue.

The same author says: "Nothing is so homeless as a bookless house, unless it be a house whose books betray a vulgar or narrow conception of life. A man's books form an average portrait of himself. Without books, the merchant's palace becomes but a prison—the trail of the upholsterer over all—while a small library, like Aladdin's lamp, may turn the abode of poverty into a princely home."

It seems a strange thing in this age of books to plead in favor of reading, and yet actual experience shows constantly that comparatively few men read much beside the news paper, and most women read merely for amusement.

The men who read only the newspapers are at least vitally interested in the history that is being determined as the moments pass, and whose scant leisure leaves them but little opportunity for real literature, but the women of America have not that excuse. Some clever woman in criticising an acquaintance spoke of her intelligence as limited and her life narrow—being "bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments and on the west by her clothes." Such women need to hear an emancipation proclamation. It is said that the test of a student is not how much he knows, but how much he wants to know. An enthusiastic desire seems to compel its own fulfilment.

If we are indifferent about the development of our intellect, if, ignorant of our ignorance, we care little to learn about man and

nature, or to enlarge our conceptions of truth and beauty, we do yet need to read how great souls have met and conquered the great problems of life and have left us standards of nobility, to help us in the solution of our own difficulties, and to familiarize ourselves with ideals of moral excellence.

"One should read as much as possible, as one eats—with appetite," but we may create an appetite, we may "grow a faculty."

The soul of everyone, if properly treated, may be touched to fine issues. The great task is to find the master key that will open it and awake it into life. The society of cultured people, books about books, a course of reading upon topics most congenial to our taste or mental capacity—even though begun in a perfunctory spirit, each will help to work the pleasant miracle.

"When the mind of a man," says a recent writer, "is once roused, enchained, fired, his redemption from sense is begun—he is delivered though it be only in the chrysalis or caterpillar form, to the great God of truth, and he will never again be the clod he was."

"With a mind inhospitable to no teaching that has helped to order men's lives into purity and peace, receptive to all high influences that come to us from books that are books, and not "things, in book's clothing," our minds stored with sweet brave thoughts, we may say, with Robert Collyer, "Right and wrong shall grow more clear, life in and about me more divine, I shall come nearer to my fellows, and God nearer to me."—Mrs. Burton Kingsland.

A ragged little newsboy entered a Pittsburg bank one day and boldly invaded the private office of the president.

"Say, mister," he said, "can I put some money in this bank?"

"Certainly you can," the president answered: "how much do you want to deposit?"

"A quarter!" exclaimed the younger, pulling a handful of pennies and nickels out of his pocket. The banker took him over to the receiving teller and introduced him with all the deference that he would have shown to a millionaire.

The boy left the city soon after opening the account, but he kept adding to his deposit from time to time, and as he was naturally bright and shrewd, everything he undertook prospered. He is back in Pittsburg now, the head of a successful manufacturing concern and one of the bank's most valued customers.

A year ago a proud young father out in Michigan sent \$25 to

open an account for his first-born son, then less than a week old. "The boy'll need it some of these day's" he wrote, "and we may as well begin to save for him right off." Six months later a tear-dimmed letter came asking to withdraw the money, to pay for the little fellow's funeral expenses.

A working woman in a little town in New York sent a dollar-bill in the name of her daughter, six years of age. "She'll be married by and by," she said, "and ought to have something to start life on." That was nearly two years ago, and almost every week since a dollar has been added to the account. There'll be a snug little marriage portion for the young lady some day, if nothing happens.

Not long ago a woman living in Illinois sent \$5. with explicit instructions not to let her "old man" know about it as "ee'd be after spending every cent of it for drink."—Success.

Sore and Soar.

Some years ago two students at a large institution received exactly the same mark for their first essays. The mark was the lowest given in a class of sixty.

One student said, "I'm sore; I expected more than that."

"Well," said the other with a laugh, "I'll soar; for I'll do better than that the next time."

The one student left before the term was half through. The other remained, at the end of the term ranked among the first ten of his class.

Disappointment has always the one effect or the other. It makes one either sore or soar. The right spirit will determine to soar. Any defeat today will make him more determined tomorrow.

And as to either defeat or disappointment, the less one refers to the better. It is no use to seek to explain them. The one thing to do is to accept the lesson, wherever the fault may lie, and to be guided by it in the future. It does no good to feel sore at men or circumstances. The wise course is to soar and so forget that one is sore.

Not "I'm sore" but "I'll soar" is a good motto to hang in the innermost room of your heart.—Selected.

Philosophy as well as beauty is the definition which a small boy has given of a friend. "A friend" said he, "is a fellow who knows all about you, but likes you."—Southern Presbyterian.

Hard Work and High Ideals.

Half a dozen houses in the neighborhood were freshly painted this spring, and all by the same painter, a quite young man, whose thoroughness and skillfulness had passed into a proverb in the town,

"We can't afford not to have him do the work," one householder had said, "he is absolutely careful in every detail and he knows his trade perfectly—all the little niceties of it."

One morning a boy was watching the painter at work, and envying the painter what seemed such an easy job—"just brushing on some paint,"—he told himself. He thought—did that boy—of a certain slow, "poky" task of his own, and impatiently wished that he could do some simple work like that painter's.

"How long does it take to learn that trade," he inquired complacently.

"Well," said the busy young painter, as he drew his brush along a particularly hard place, "they say that one can learn it in three years, but I've been at it seven years now, and I don't know what I ought to know about it yet. There's still lots to learn."

The painter's own ideal of work was always just beyond his own achievement. In that lay the secret of his thoroughness, his skill, his success. It is such interest and ambition in one's work that makes patience easy to keep. The man who knows it all in three years is not the man for whom the owners of half dozen houses will wait their turn to have him paint them.

--Selected.

Habits that Students should acquire, taken from Todd's Students manuel.

1. Have a plan beforehand for every day.
2. Acquire the habit of untiring industry.
3. Cultivate perseverance.
4. Cultivate the habit of punctuality.
5. Be an early riser.
6. Be in the habit of learning something from every man with whom you meet.
7. Form fixed principles on which you think and act.
8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits.
9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well.
10. Make constant effort to be master of your temper.
11. Cultivate soundness of judgment,

Some Brief Sentences From the Same Author in his Chapter on "Study."

Other things may be seized on by might or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study.

Take it for granted that there is no excellence without great labor.

Learn to think—think deeply, comprehensively, powerfully.

You must never be satisfied with the surface of things; probe them to the bottom, and let nothing go till you understand it as thoroughly as your powers will enable you.

Keep it in mind, that the great object of study is to fit the mind to be an instrument of usefulness in life.

Be not anxious about tomorrow Do today's duty, fight today's temptations and do not weaken and distrust yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them.

—Charles Kingley.

Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire—oh, no; love is not that. It is goodness and honor and peace and pure living—yes, love is that; and it is the best thing in the world and the thing that lives longest.

—Henry van Dyke.

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Surplus fund	-	-	10,000.00.
Undivided Profits	-	-	9,000.00.

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